SMITH'S REPORT

On the Holocaust Controversy

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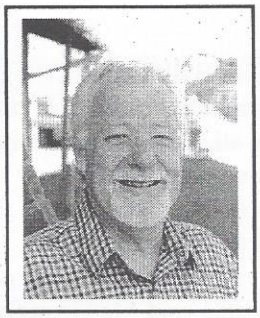

Supporting "The Campaign to Decriminalize World War II History"

ADOLF HITLER AND ME – READING MEIN KAMPF

GERMAR RUDOLF FACES DEPORTATION TO GERMANY

GOOGLE CENSORS REVISIONIST ADVERTISEMENTS

The first responses to the announcement that I have begun work on a manuscript titled (modified) ***Adolf Hitler and Me: Reading Mein Kampf*** have not been overwhelmingly positive. The majority of you have said, in so many words, "Don't do it." A couple of you have said exactly that. I discuss some of these issues in the lead-in to Chapter Two, which you will find below.

Not many who are not revisionists know about the manuscript yet, but among those who do the response has been just as explicit, but less agreeable. The usual insulting phone calls and emails. Nothing spectacular. One student who wrote from U Massachusetts made me laugh. I'm half-laughing even now as I report his complete message here.

"You're one scary old man," he wrote. "What the hell's the matter with you?" Now there's a kid with a sense of humor.

A California correspondent wrote more fully, leading me in a direction I had not expected him to take, and then ending with an observation I had not anticipated that he would make.

"Your last newsletter, your announcement that you are beginning a new book on you and Adolf Hitler (who would have thought it?) induced a long string of memories to recur to me. I remembered Ross Vicksell, Robert Countess, Russ Granata, David McCalden, Bill Kefer, Max Kiersten, Safet Sarich, Jim Martin....

"It seems like an era has passed. The IHR conference of '92 seems like a lifetime ago. In a way, you're one of the few threads of continuity from that time to the present. You really haven't changed much, nor have you disgraced yourself (any more than usual). You haven't fallen from grace like Irving. You haven't lost your mind like some others I might mention. You haven't surrendered the cause like still others we don't have to name. The Bradley Smith of today could be sent back to 1992, and no one would notice the difference. If you successfully pull off this Adolf project, or any other like it, you will have proven yourself the proverbial turtle in the race against the hare. Slow and steady, you'll end up having done something more ballsy and more inventive than anyone else out there has ever attempted.

"I kind of like that idea ... out of all the feuding and infighting (Carto and IHR), all the failed schemes (Irving's great lawsuit, and more recently Walter Mueller's great failed conference), all the flashes-in-the-pan (Jack Wikoff,

Continued on next page

John Ball, David Cole), you -- Bradley Smith – just might outlast us all, and make the biggest mainstream splash that any revisionist ever has. Good on ya, Bradley. Good on ya.

"But, honestly, Bradley, your "Hitler and Me" idea for a book is terrible. It's just plain terrible."

And so it goes. Below you will find chapter two of ***Adolf Hitler and Me***. In chapter two I clear up some of the misunderstandings about how I am going to do the work. This is not a historical study. It is a literary study. An autobiographer writing about a very different kind of autobiographer. I will only say at this point that *Mein Kampf* is a more formidable book than I had expected. But then I had not put any thought into doing the book before I decided to do it, so I had no real idea about how the book was structured or the language that is used.

Twenty-five years ago in Hollywood when I read Robert Faurisson's *Le Monde* article on the "rumor" of the gas chambers at Auschwitz, I knew immediately that with regard to revisionism, I was in. That's how it was at the Starbucks coffee shop in Chula Vista when I was reading about Bob Dylan but saw an image of *Mein Kampf* in my mind's eye.

I knew in that instant that I was in with Adolf Hitler. From that moment on it was Adolf and me. I would do very simple work. I would write about Hitler as if he were a man, not a demon. I would write about him from the perspective of a working class writer, not from the perspective of a politician, an intellectual, or some media maven.

ADOLF HITLER AND ME

Reading Mein Kampf

A Work in Progress

CHAPTER 2

In the Homes of Our Parents

I am told there are a number of reasons why I should not pursue this manuscript regarding Hitler's ***My Struggle***. The project will reinforce, rather than dispel, the idea that revisionism equals "neo-Nazism." The title is too personal. The whole world knows who Hitler was, but who am I? My introduction does not have, and cannot have, the gravity appropriate to the subject. On examination of Hitler's text I will undoubtedly find much good sense in it. If I am honest about what I find there I will be identified as a Hitler apologist. The idea that I can write a book about Hitler without discussing the Holocaust is not very likely. And then there is the fact, and it is a fact, that I do not have the background, nor the temperament, to write about such a figure, and place him in the context of his time.

I see the reasonableness in all these reservations. After twenty years of working with Holocaust revisionism, I will argue that in the eyes and brains of the intellectuals revisionism does, *in fact*, equal "neo-Nazism." This slander is precisely the tool that the intellectuals use to censor revisionist arguments. It has been clear for years that the only way for revisionism to *not* equal neo-Nazism is for revisionism to throw in its hand and quit the game. That's not going to happen. Holocaust revisionism is right about too much, and what revisionism is right about is too important to Western culture for it to just go away. Having a few substantial truths on your side is a formidable weapon. In the long run, even the intellectuals will have to deal with revisionist arguments. It is only shame that has kept them from addressing the matter up to now.

I understand the dilemma inherent in a project where someone like me appears in any way whatever to "equate" himself with a man like Adolf Hitler. Hitler lived a life of immense adventure, while I have lived a life of innocuous escapades. Hitler's life was the stuff of profound drama lived out on the world stage. There has been nothing profound in my life, and whatever drama there has been is a script written in the sand. What you see is what you get. It's all there on the surface. There is nothing deep in there, no there there (thank you Ms. Stein).

Hitler lived a life of extraordinary theatricality, while I have played in tiny theaters so far off Broadway that no map can guide you to them. Hitler was at the center—I'm not saying he was alone—of what may be the greatest staged event in human history. Looking back from our perspective today, what other single human drama can be compared to that of Hitlers? Figures like Napoleon or Genghis Khan were simple mass murderers. Their personal stories do not fascinate the intellectuals, and the intellectuals do not need the stories of the Khans and Napoleons for their own ends. They do need the Hitlerian drama. The only personal drama other than that of Adolf Hitler that captures the contemporary mind and heart is that of Jesus of Nazareth. For the intellectuals there is Adolf Hitler. For the people there is Jesus. Should we trust the intellectuals on this one?

So far as writing a book about reading Hitler's ***My Struggle*** and keeping the Holocaust story out of it—that's precisely the point. I can read him as if he were a man, before his canonization as a demon. When Hitler wrote ***My Struggle*** there was no Holocaust. Of course, when we use that word the way the intellectuals use it, there never was a "Holocaust." They've been faking the Holocaust story for half a century now. Intellectuals themselves created and nourished the taboo against the examination of revisionist arguments, and now they're stuck with it. They are caught up in their own web of deceit, evasion, and a corrupt tradition. As we honorary Mexicans say: *Felicitaciones!*

Adolf Hitler wrote ***My Struggle*** while imprisoned in a fortress in Bavaria, Germany. He was already a known quantity for his leadership of the National Socialist German Workers Party. There had been a movement afoot for Bavaria to proclaim its independence from the German Republic. Hitler was determined to unite the German speaking peoples, not see them dismember themselves. On 9 November 1923 Hitler, together with General Ludendorff, commanding general of the German forces during WWI, led several battalions of his "Brownshirts" in military formation toward the center of Munich to demonstrate against the proposed succession.

The formation was met by government troops who fired on it, killing sixteen of its number in the first moments. Several others were wounded. Hitler flung himself to the pavement to avoid being killed. He broke a collar-bone. According to our translator, James Murphy, General Ludendorff continued marching straight ahead to where the soldiers were firing from the barricade, challenging them to shoot him too, but none was willing to off the old man. A striking incident of courage and self-assurance.

I recall during WWII, when I was a young teenager, and later after the war was finished, that I heard about this Hitler-cowering-on-the-pavement incident every once in a while. I recall images, maybe of cartoons, maybe even a photograph but I'm not certain of that, picturing Hitler cowering on the pavement while the shooting was going on. I don't recall hearing that he had broken a collar bone. The point to the stories and the drawings, always, was to make of Adolf Hitler a coward for flinging himself to the pavement to avoid being shot. I don't recall thinking about it much one way or the other.

Now that I am thinking about it, I cannot imagine anything Hitler could have done that would have been more sensible, more practical, or more natural. When you are walking down the middle of a street and a platoon or company of riflemen begin to shoot at you, and especially if you understand that you are probably a primary target, that's what you do. You get out of the line of fire. You leap behind something real quick, or you throw yourself to the pavement. If you do not, in all likelihood it is because in that first instant of frozen terror your brain has closed everything down, stupefying you.

One morning in Cholon in 1968 I had an experience somewhat like Adolf Hitler had that famous morning in Munich. Cholon is, or was then, the Chinese section of Saigon. I

Germany Today: Jailing Scientists, Burning Books, Censoring the Internet

Imagine an expert in DNA analyses. He is asked to verify whether a defendant is the father of a child. He complies and confirms the fatherhood of the defendant. With his testimony, however, the expert contradicts the statements of many witnesses who claim the opposite. Imagine the judge ruling not to admit the expert testimony because it makes spectators assume that the witnesses lied out of sinister motives. The judge even puts the expert witness on trial for inciting hatred against the witnesses and sentences him to 14 months in jail. You think it can't happen? It does happen in Germany...

An Academic "Thought Criminal"

Germar Rudolf (pictured) was asked by various defense teams to testify as an expert in chemistry at trials in Germany. Yet the judges refused to hear his testimony in open violation of German law, which does not allow the rejection of expert witnesses already present in the court room.

Rudolf's rejected expert report was then published by a defendant who had requested it for his defense. This defendant considered it vital to draw attention to this illegal suppression of evidence, which he sought to do by adding a perfectly legitimate, though polemical, introduction and appendix to Rudolf's report. Thanks to this publication, Rudolf was sentenced to 14 months in prison. The court argued that Rudolf's findings in combination with the defendant's comments could arouse hostile emotions against witnesses, whose testimonies conflicted with Rudolf's findings.

A year later, Rudolf published a large scientific book about similar issues, for which he was also indicted. Although historians testified during this trial that Rudolf's work is scientific and thus protected by Germany's constitution, the book was nevertheless confiscated and burned by order of the court. Rudolf subsequently fled to England, where he established a small publishing firm for similar scholarly material like that he was prosecuted for in Germany. As a result, Germany requested his extradition. Therefore, Rudolf fled to America and applied for political asylum.

Rudolf continued his scholarly publishing activities in the "Land of the Free," lauded by scholars from around the world, but hated by German authorities. Rudolf defies and undermines German censorship, considered among the harshest worldwide. Hence, more than 30 criminal investigations are pending against him in Germany for his peaceful "thought crimes," each of them perfectly legal in the U.S., but punishable with up to five years in jail in Germany. German authorities have also ordered the confiscation of his property, because they claim it was all acquired with money gained from "illegal" activities.

The U.S.A. – Still a Safe Haven for the Persecuted?

In 2004, the U.S. Immigration & Naturalization Services (INS) rejected Rudolf's application for political asylum. They ordered him to be deported in handcuffs, banned for life, with no possible remedy. Not even his marriage to a U.S. citizen with a child expected are considered.

The reasoning given by the INS:

1. Germany is a democracy, a state under the rule of law. Hence, Rudolf is not fleeing persecution, but lawful prosecution.
2. Considering Germany's Nazi past, it has to censor its citizens in order to make sure that Nazism will never rise again.
3. Rejecting evidence is OK, because the U.S. also has rules for rejecting evidence. *E.g.*, if an expert has already proved a point at issue, witnesses who contradict this expert can be rejected.
4. Rudolf's application was found to be "frivolous" (deceitful), the most severe immigration violation, resulting in the harshest punishment possible.

This INS ruling is outrageous, because:

1. Just calling oneself a democracy doesn't make it one. Almost all dictatorships call themselves "democracies" and "states under the rule of law." The proof lies in Germany's civil rights record, not in its law books.
2. Justifying German censorship is like saying: *Because Germany persecuted minorities, jailed dissenters, and burned books in the past, it now has an obligation to persecute minorities, jail dissenters, and burn books!*
3. The INS has it upside down: Germany not only rejects, it *jails* experts because their research results disagree with witnesses.
4. Rudolf learned about the accusation of having filed a "frivolous" application only in the verdict, which named no evidence for it. It is as if someone were tried for theft, then sentenced for murder without proof!

Due Process Threatened

If the Federal Court reviewing Rudolf's case upholds this INS verdict, then due process for immigrants – perhaps even for U.S. citizens – will be a thing of the past:

1. Defendants could be sentenced for crimes for which they were never accused and for which there is no evidence.
2. Expert witnesses could be prosecuted because eyewitnesses feel insulted by their testimonies.

Special Treatment

Under normal circumstances, this outrageous INS decision would be overturned by any U.S. Federal Court. But this is a special case:

1. Germany, one of America's most important allies, demands that Rudolf be *not* recognized as a political refugee.
2. The topic that Rudolf's scholarly publications address is so emotionally charged that even judges can lose their objectivity and refuse to take due regard of the impact of their decisions.

The World's Leading Historical Dissident

The reason for all this? Germar Rudolf is the world's leading publisher of independent Holocaust studies not funded by any government. He publishes university-style research that critically re-examines and corrects generally held views of the Holocaust, while at the same time confirming the unjust suffering inflicted upon Jews during that human catastrophe.

But doubting aspects of the official version of the Holocaust, even if it confirms the injustice done to Jews, is a crime in Germany so severe that the German authorities not only jail dissenters, burn their books, and block their Internet sites, but also outlaw motions to introduce dissenting evidence in trials and prosecute defense lawyers who dare to do so anyway.

Help to save due process in the USA!!! Please copy, print, and distribute this leaflet as widely as you can!
For more information about Germar Rudolf, and to find out how you can help, please go to www.GermarRudolf.com

Contact: Germar Rudolf, Castle Hill Publishers, PO Box 257768, Chicago, IL, USA; fax: (773) 409 5570; email: chp@vho.org; www.vho.org

was there as a freelance journalist with letters of reference from Atlantic Monthly and The Los Angeles Free Press. I was broke, of course, so I had had to work my way to Vietnam as a seaman on a tramp steamer.

We were supposed to offload at Vung Tao, about 25 klicks down river from Saigon, where I planned to jump ship there and begin reporting on the war in a way that I had not yet seen it being reported. But while we were still on the South China Sea the North Vietnamese Army, along with its Viet Cong, initiated coordinated, country-wide attacks against the South Vietnamese and Americans. It was the famous "Tet" offensive.

Our tramp was rerouted to Thailand where I had to jump ship with my typewriter and suitcase in Sattaheeb, a small port four or five hours by car south of Bangkok. It took about 25 days for me to make my way from Bangkok to Saigon via Laos. It's a fun-filled story that I have not yet written—but some other time.

In Saigon I could not get press credentials from the US Military because of the various peculiarities of the visas in my passport. After several weeks of being stalled by the Americans, I turned to the South Vietnamese military and had press credentials in about half an hour. So I began spending my days with a company of Vietnamese rangers in Cholon as they worked through the neighborhood store front by store front to clean out the Viet Cong. It was colorful and rather bloody, as these things usually are. It was more or less how it had been eighteen years earlier in Korea, except it was in city streets, not on the side of a mountain.

That morning in Cholon I was with the Vietnamese rangers when they were attempting to cross a small intersection. The streets were narrow, lined with one and two-story shops. Going up the block from shop front to shop front was routine. Sometimes you would get shot and maybe killed, but there was a routine to it and the rangers handled it well. Trying to cross an intersection was another story. Intersections were a problem. Most often the problem was a Viet Cong machinegun and sometimes two Viet Cong machine guns, each with only one purpose—to kill you the moment you set a foot in the intersection.

So there was the usual racket of small arms fire on our street and on the streets to either side of us. Every once in a while I would hear a machine gun and I would wonder if someone had made it across his particular intersection. I was using a pencil and yellow paper pad to record what I was seeing and what I felt about seeing it. I was at the corner of our intersection with half a dozen rangers. None had tried to cross over yet. On the other side of our narrow street a young ranger was lying in the doorway to a café, waiting for the stretcher bearers. I couldn't see where he was shot, but there was blood everywhere.

I decided to cross the street and see how the kid was doing. It was quiet for the moment where we were. I crouched down and made a run for it. I took maybe three steps into the street when I heard the machine gun. It sounded awfully close. There was no thinking through the situation. No logic. Not even any fear. There was the sound of the machinegun, and then there was the instantaneous decision of the body.

There was an abandoned soup cart in the middle of the narrow street. It had the two large bicycle wheels so that it could be pushed around by the owner, and there were pots and pans hanging beneath the little roof. The body threw itself on the pavement behind the soup cart to protect itself from 30 caliber machine gun slugs. The moment thought realized where the body was, thought understood that the body had directed itself to the wrong place.

If the VC machine gunner could see the cart, he could see underneath the cart to where I was on the pavement. Thought, which had gone out the window with the first burst from the machine gun, was now ready to take over in a rational manner. In that instant a second burst of three or four machine gun slugs tore off one of the wheels to the push cart. Pieces of the cart blew across my face. This time when the body leapt up and ran the few steps across the street, jumped over the bleeding ranger and threw itself through doorway onto the wooden floor inside the café, thought was half there.

An instant later thought returned fully, thanking the gods that the body had known what to do and had not wasted its time waiting to see what thought had to say about it. Now that thought was there again, and the sensibilities of the heart, I saw the body of the wounded ranger in the doorway shudder violently as a third burst of machine gun bullets slammed into it. The pain the

body feels is one thing. The pain that thought recognizes is of a different order than the pain felt in the heart of the body, but it is still pain, and it can be unbearably exquisite.

It looks to me that I have found yet another characteristic that I share with Adolf Hitler. If either Hitler or me is on the street in the open and people begin shooting and we understand we are a target, our bodies take over. It has nothing to do with thought, or courage. We try our best to get out of the way. If there is a building, we leap behind the corner of the building. If there is nothing to hide behind, we throw ourselves to the pavement. There is a certain high, sudden instant when there is no light between the cowardice of thought and the logic of the body. An instant when the body understands that there is no time for thought or sensibility. The body takes over and it does with itself what all life does with itself. It seeks to get on with it. Consider the worm.

When Adolf Hitler marched at the head of his battalions that famous day in Munich to demonstrate against those who wanted to break up the German State, he was 34 years old.

That day in Cholon, alone, with no thought for leading or following either one, when I threw myself on the pavement behind a wooden soup cart to protect myself from a Vietnamese machine gunner, I was 38.

GOOGLE COMMITTED TO CENSORING REVISIONISM
And They Are Perfectly Willing to Say They Are.

In **SR 117** I reported on how I was working with the Google Ad-Words program to try to get some movement going with *Break His Bones*. I had been meaning to do if for some time, but something always go in the way. Now I had finally kicked it off. The day after I took **SR 117** to the printers I received the following friendly message from the "Google Team."

"Subject: Your Google AdWords Approval Status
Date: Friday, May 20, 2005

"Hello,

"Thank you for advertising with Google AdWords. After reviewing your account, we've found that one or more of your ads or keywords does not meet our guidelines. You can see your disapproved ad(s), the reason for disapproval, and editorial suggestions, from the Disapproved Ads page within

"Ad Status: Suspended - Pending Revision
Ad Issue(s): Unacceptable Content."

These are the two ads I was running.

Looking for a Free Press
My life as a Holocaust Revisionist
A True Story of censorship & taboo
www.breakhisbones.org

Did Gas Chambers Exist?
Is it immoral to ask that question?
True story of a Holocaust "denier"
www.breakhisbones.org

"At this time, Google policy does not permit the advertisement of websites with 'Revisionist Content'".

I asked Google to send me a list of words and subject matters that are forbidden to use in a Google ads, in addition to the word "revisionist" and the subject "revisionism," and received the following.

"Google is committed to providing an advertising service with fair and consistent policies that benefit our users, advertisers, partners, and Google. To achieve this goal, we maintain high standards for ads accepted into the AdWords program. The policies listed below complement our Terms and Conditions and describe Google's advertising policies with regards to products and services.

"Advertisements and associated websites may not promote violence or advocate against a protected group. A protected group is distinguished by: Race or ethnic origin, Color, National origin, Religion, Disability, Sex, Age, Veteran status, Sexual orientation/Gender identity."

A number of us could devote a book to developing the themes in those two paragraphs. I won't write it. I've been writing "that book" for twenty years. I'm not going to complain either. Most all people in the

West agree with Google here: the intellectuals, the politicians, the press, and the Israeli-firsters. I'll find a way to get around it, or a practical way to use it. If you have any ideas how I can do either, get in touch. Two or three heads are better than one. Usually.

ERNST ZUNDEL WRITES A SHORT UPDATE ON HIS LIFE IN A GERMAN PRISON

Dear Bradley:

Just a short note from my new temporary domicile. I was short of overseas stamps, but now things are looking up and I wanted to give you a quick update on the situation here.

Jurgen Rieger, my long-time attorney in Germany, has from the day I arrived, fought a spirited campaign against my incarceration and the denial of bail.

This campaign has gone through all the lower-level courts already, with a defeat of our motions at each level of the judicial hierarchy, and as of 20 May we have already submitted the Zundel-Detention matter to Germany's highest judicial institution, the Constitutional Court in **Kaolsorhe** [spelling?]. I was informed that the court has received, acknowledged receipt, and assigned a docket for the case—and now we wait. The European Court of Human Rights in Strasburg is the body of final disposition—should we fail before the German Court.

I still have not been charged with a crime! They must eventually let me know their case against me, but in Germany things are very, very different, especially in cases where the state has a political interest in the outcome! As in my case—you bet!

Ingrid and Mark Weber, Deuse and Irving will carry the latest news and developments, because of tight censorship rules mail can take 12 to 18 days one way to the U.S.

Regarding accommodations and conditions—they are better here than in Toronto, or in Tennessee—and I think must be an improvement over your "bull-fighting days" when that guy stole and sold your cape and suit of lights while you were in that Mexican jail you told me about.

Here, the food is typical German fare! I have (thank God) not seen a single piece of white American/Canadian "rubber bread." Also interesting that in three months I have not seen a single "French fry."!!! I have seen no corn flakes, no sugar pops, no chocolate or oat cookies! And—I have not seen a single cereal of maize or corn. Europeans still treat corn as pig and chicken feed. I had completely forgotten that. In Canada there was hardly a meal without some kind of corn as an integral part of the meal or as a side dish. Here peas, carrots, and leeks rule!

I have also seen none of those horrifically over sweetened, false orange, false grape or false fruit punches in their near "day-glo" colours. There is an "in prison supermarket" where we inmates can buy pens (like this fountain pen I am using) for Euro $14.90, writing paper, even "white out," a real [indecipherable] (what a relief), and one can buy tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, garlic, apples, bananas, sardines, chocolates, butter, mustard—little things to give one individuality and a taste of home.

Surprisingly, Germans are in a distinct minority in this prison. All personnel are white Germans. In my wing there are only three blacks, one Vietnamese, one Latin American, two white Americans. The vast majority are Turks, Poles, Russians, Romanians, Serbs, one or two Kurds, but no Jews and no Mexicans. This suggests to me that Jews and Mexicans must have a low crime rate! Eh?

All the best,

Ernst Z.

It might surprise the reader to find that Ernst appears to be as much interested in nutrition as he is in his legal battle. But that's just the way he and I talk. Ernst got me back into the nutrition field some five years ago when I was having medical problems—or what I thought were medical problems but turned out to be nutritional issues.

Ernst was dismayed by the food he was forced to eat in the Canadian jails, the foods he writes here are not only not on the menu for prisoners in German jails, but are not even available for sale inside the German prison markets. Germans may have a problem with intellectual freedom, but they appear to understand the difference between what is real food and what isn't.

SPEAKING IN MEXICO
It's a lot like speaking in the USA.

A local political activist associated with the PRI, El Partido Revolucionario Institutional, offered to get me speaking engagements in Esenada and maybe in Rosarito and Tijuana. I said okay. There are a lot of Americans here, and a lot of Mexicans who speak English, and it could be interesting. I did not see it as a terribly important matter, but yes, let's do it. No speaking engagement is a waste of time for a revisionist.

My friend would give copies of *Bones* to a history professor he studied with at the university in Ensenada, and to the editor of the *Gringo Gazette*, the English language paper with the largest circulation in Baja. He told me that each had said they would sponsor a talk by me.

I'm told the history professor, a Dutch lady, took one look at the title of the book her ex-student gave her, glanced at the text on the back cover, and said: "Oh, no. I can't invite this man to speak to my students."

I was not surprised. And then it was the less interesting of the two talks. The other was to be sponsored by the Gringo Gazette and could be something of a real affair. The more I thought about it, the more interesting the idea became. It took a long time to hear from the editor, a young lady named Nancy Conroy, an American.

Not hearing from her, I decided to ring her up. She wanted to interview me. We made the date, I drove down to Ensenada with my wife to Conroy's office. She told me she had read the book from cover to cover. We did the interview. It lasted for an hour and a half. She made notes directly into her computer. We were alone. During the interview she received a number of telephone calls which she took care of expeditiously. She was very bright and professional.

When we were finished with the interview I brought up the matter of the Gazette sponsoring a talk for me, which was at the heart of the matter.

"Are you kidding," she said? She was laughing. "Not a chance. Do you know how many problems that would make for me here? You're an interesting man, but the last thing I need is to sponsor a talk by a writer like you."

Like I say, speaking in Mexico is about like it is speaking in the U.S. Or to try to advertise on the Internet. Not easy.

Nevertheless, it's straight ahead. I will have at least one piece of good news next month. It may be very good.

CODOHWeb

The backing I received for restructuring CODOHWeb is beginning to pay off. Over the last two months, even though we had some problems in May and early June, daily page views on CODOH and its related pages have already climbed from some 55,000 a month to about 115,000. That's less than we want, but we're hardly half way through the work.

As of this writing, almost no one knows about the page for ***Adolf Hitler and Me.*** It has been uploaded, but not announced. We receive ten, twenty page views a day. This will be an interesting experiment. By the time you have this issue of ***SR*** to hand, we will have begun announcing ***Adolf and Me*** to the Internet world. Chapter 2 will have been uploaded as well. I expect that it will draw some attention.

I will also print some stickers announcing this "work in progress." I think the idea has possibilities. I'm sitting here grinning about it. It's really not something that a proper person, not even a proper revisionist, would do. I'm going to do it.

In any event, stay with me here. I need your help to keep things going, and to find a place and a method to jump over the ghetto wall that surrounds revisionism and is constricting us. I don't know where I'll find the crack in the wall, but I always found it before, and I'll find it this time.

Again, thanks for your support. There's no one else.

Bradley

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